NUMB. LXXXIX.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Sed neque quam multæ ſpecies, & Nomine quæ ſint
Eſt numerus ——— VIR.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25. 1725.

SIR,

SINCE my *Misfortune* ariſes only from my having *ſucceeded*, to the fulleſt Point, of my own, and my Friend's *Wiſhes*, I know not how, in Conſcience, I can expect your *Pity*; but, be that as it will, my Caſe is ſomewhat extraordinary; and I ſhall fairly *ſtate* it, with the Purpoſe of ſerving, as a *Buoy*, for the Warning of others: — You *muſt* know, Sir, I was left an *Orphan*, under the Tuition of a Rich Uncle, who promis'd to ſettle his whole Eſtate upon me at the Day of my Marriage: And that he might not *cramp* me in my Choice (a Folly too frequently attending the Caprices of *Old Age*) the only Article he inſiſted on, was a *Woman of ſtrict Vertue*: — A Condition, ſo very *reaſonable*, was ſure to meet with an eaſie Compliance: And I ſo *punctually*, and *exactly*, obſerv'd it, that from the *overflowing* of my *Wife's Vertue*, my Happineſs lies under Water.

'WHATEVER Miſmanagement, or Folly, ſhe happens to be guilty of, ſhe can immediately ſet to rights, by the Counterpoize of her *Chaſtity*: And I have no ſooner *open'd my Mouth, than ſhe hits me in the Teeth with her VERTUE*, the conſcious Good Fortune or *coming off, without Cuckoldom*; is, it ſeems *a Cordial Preparative*, that can defend a Husband's Palate againſt the bitter Taſte, of *Arrogance, Pride, Vanity, Ill-Nature*, and the reſt of That long Catalogue, which *Female Purity* is pleas'd, ſometimes, to arm it ſelf withal, againſt the Danger of *Worldly Temptations*.

'I SHALL content my ſelf with mentioning a few Inſtances, that lately happen'd, upon the Heels of one another. — Amongſt many *Neighbours in the Country*, I can boaſt but of one *Friend*, with whom I live in the greateſt Intimacy. — He was one Day at Dinner with me, and ſaid, occaſionally, in a laughing way, That there might poſſibly be *other Faults* in a *Wife*, as inſupportable as *Adultery*: At this, my *Lucretia's Chaſtity* flew out, at her Mouth, and Eyes. — *The Spirit of Honeſty came upon her*, and ſhe threw the Spoons, and Salts, at his Head, 'till her *Vertue remain'd Triumphant*, and ſhe had driven her Antagoniſt from Table.

'WHILE this Storm was in the Air, there cou'd be little Quiet under its Influence; ſo, I judiciouſly retir'd to a Farm-houſe; where I had been recovering my ſelf, about a Week, when a Meſſenger came with Tydings, That my ſpotleſs Spouſe, having heard, as Ill-luck wou'd have it, that the Nurſe to my only Child was a Baſtard, had turn'd her away, at a Minute's Warning, and kill'd the Child, in Three Days after, by perſiſting in a Reſolution to *wean* it, from a Milk of ſo *wicked an Original*! Upon this melancholly Account, I hurried Home, where I had the Comfort to be, unexpectedly, convinc'd, that I ought, by no Means, to be ſorry, for the Death of my Child, ſince my Wife's *Vertue* was *yet alive*, and her *Modeſty* preſerv'd *inviolate*.

'NOW, Sir, what is to be done in ſuch a Caſe? — I wou'd tell her, if I durſt; (nay, I will, if you are ſo kind, as to *ſtand by me*) *That* the *Vertue* of a Man's *Wife*, *will* never attone for the *Loſs of his Friend*: And that her *Chaſtity* is the worſt Remedy, ſhe cou'd have thought on, to ſupply the Loſs of a *Son* and *Heir*. — Nay, if ſhe ſhou'd not believe me, I am determin'd (if you think there may be no *Danger* in it) to let her alone to try the Experiment.

'SIR, I have fairly told you my Story, and beg you will expatiate upon the Subject. Pray give a little of your ſeaſonable Advice to theſe Profeſſors of *Grace without Gracefulneſs*. — Perſwade 'em, if you can, to conſider, That a Wife's *Chaſtity*, is in the Nature of *Laudanum* to her Husband; a juſt Quantity promotes *Reſt*: — Too little occaſions *Reſtleſsneſs*, and too much gives convulſive *Rovings*: — Such a deſperate Old Gentleman as *you* are, may venture to ſay, too, That *Continency*, by *Conſtitution*, is rather a *Happineſs*, than a *Vertue*: And, that a Wife, who ſets up her *Chaſtity*, as a *Specifick*, to cure all Uneaſineſſes, is more inſupportable, than a *Quack*, who can cure the *Tooth-Ach*, and maintain (for that Reaſon) that the *Stone*, the *Gout*, and the *Conſumption*, are *Diſtempers, of no Conſequence*.

YOURS,

J. W.

INSTEAD

[Price Two-Pence]

INSTEAD of complying with the Requeſt of my Correſpondent, and coming in, to his Aſſiſtance, againſt ſo *impenetrable* a Championeſs; I ſhall add to his Complaint, as juſt a one of my own — *That I, too, loſe my my Reſt, by* WOMEN. — What they *do*, or what they *ſuffer*, is for ever invading, and overwhelming, all my Purpoſes. — Their *Charms*, and their *Miſchiefs*, preſs in upon me, from Town, and Country. — The *Poſt groans* as we do, under the Burthen of their *Vanities*. — But, what I think ought to be reckon'd among my *Sufferings not deſerv'd*, is, — That it often coſts me a *Groat*, to read one of their *Secret Hiſtories*, not worth a *Half-penny*. My Intelligencers, from remote Quarters, make no manner of Conſcience in their Correſpondence, with me. — For, while they *charge* the *Follies* they acquaint me with, upon thoſe to whom they belong, moſt properly: They take care to charge the *Poſtage* upon a Perſon, who is *wholly Innocent*.

I WAS lately in Deſpair of working any Reformation upon Offenders, who poſſeſs the Power of *bewitching*, thoſe who examine them: But there came to my Hands, ſome Time ſince, a ſhort Treatiſe, in Manuſcript, ſubſcrib'd by Seven Ladies, its Authors; who intitle themſelves *The Order of Angels*. Into this Order, they tell me, they propoſe to admit all the *BELIEVING Fair*, (which if they do, they can never fail of a moſt *comprehenſive* Eſtabliſhment!) The Buſineſs, they are to be *admitted for* is, to learn, it ſeems, to *CONCEIVE after a new Manner*, ſo as to be *brought to Bed of themſelves*; and, by Virtue of ſuch *New Birth*, be made *Kings*, and *Prieſts* to *God*, and become what All the Beſt of them were, at firſt, created by the Lord to be, *Real*, *Bleſſed*, *Heavenly*, *ANGELS*!

THESE being the Words of the Ladies Treatiſe, I am reſtor'd to ſome Degree of Hope; and ſhall ſhortly form a Reſolution to diſburthen myſelf of a Care I am *unequal* to, and deliver over the *whole Sex*, into the Hands of theſe *Able Undertakers*. — Mean while, here are Three Letters. — The Firſt is a mortifying Proof, that Avarice can teach Women, of Fortune, to *think* as *poorly*, as the *Loweſt* of their *Species*: And the Second, and Third, relate to a *Grievance*, almoſt too common to be *worth complaining of*; — I ſhou'd not therefore, have inſerted theſe Two Letters, but for the Sake of a ſublime and extraordinary Rhetorical *Figure* in the Laſt, concerning a *Snail*, whereby I have been able to gather, That the Perſon accus'd is leſs pardonable, for having no *Money*, than for having no *Conſcience*, or *Generoſity*.

To the PLAIN-DEALER.

SIR,

'I HAVE been ſo unhappy, for this great while, as to indulge a Paſſion for a young Lady; in whom I thought I might reaſonably promiſe my ſelf an agreeable Companion, and a virtuous Wife. But alas! how vain and uncertain are all our Hopes! A near Relation of mine, who married her Siſter, by Errors, and Misfortunes, (which generally go together) is *well nigh reduced*, which, I am too ſenſible hath created a *Prejudice to our Family*. My preſent Circumſtances are ſuch as I think could not well be excepted againſt; but am ſo well acquainted with the Effects of *Prejudice*, that I dare not hazard revealing my Mind; fearing it may totally debar me, the Satisfaction, which I, ſometimes (but alas! ſeldom) enjoy, of being in her Company.

'A S She is your conſtant Reader, the incerting this 'in one of your Papers, may, very poſſibly, incite her 'to pity him who *loves* too well to *dare* to *offend*. 'Hoping Fortune may ſome time offer the happy 'Means of poſſeſſing her; the only Object of my 'Deſires. Excuſe this Trouble.

I am, Yours, &c.

Good Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

'A Diſtreſſed Kinſwoman of mine, deſires you would 'be pleaſed to inſert the Epiſtle incloſed (which 'I received from her by the laſt Poſt) in your next 'Paper, if poſſible, for a publick Warning to our ungarded Sex. And if you would take upon you to 'warn theſe unthinking Monſters, the *Men*, by deſcribing the Heinouſneſs of their Crime; you would do a 'laudable Act, and worthy your ſelf; for Men of this 'Complexion are become ſo daring of late, that none 'but a *PLAIN-DEALER* dare meddle with them.

I am,

Your Conſtant Admirer, E. A.

Dear Couſin,

'YOU might too juſtly have condemn'd my Folly, 'if it had not been too, too ſeverely puniſhed 'already. I am therefore to intreat you to lay by your 'Anger, leaſt you ſtill aggravate my too rigid Fate, 'and lend a compaſſionate Ear to this doleful Tragedy, 'and conſider withal, that 'tis I, — your near Relation, who bear the principal, and inſupportable Part 'in it. No Hopes remain — to ſpeak at once the unwilling Truth, and utter all my Diſgrace. — *I have been betray'd!* betray'd by gaudy *Outſide!* expecting *Wedlock* and a *wealthy Spouſe*: But, Confuſion ſeize him — *The Snail carries his all upon his Back!* — Nor is this all: The upbraiding Conſequence too plainly appears, — The *Conſequence* — that *ſwells* the Tide of all my *Woe*. — I can no more. — Let others who are free, 'learn from my Woes to ſhun the alluring Bait. And 'leaſt ſuch Treachery ſhould be any longer a Secret, '*Dear Couſin*, let me, as a ſmall Recompence for this 'long Train of Evils, have the poor Pleaſure of being a *Warning to others*; and, to that Intent, I humbly 'intreat that you would get this publickly printed the 'firſt Opportunity, and forgive the Error of,

Your much Afflicted till Death,

But loving Couſin, Z. H.

†‡† *P. S.* Do not forget to have this Printed.

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